

VOTUM
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PRINCIPE.

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A
POEM
TO
Her MAJESTY.

By G. S.

*Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto;
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Randal Taylor, near Stationers-Hall. 1688.

Cent. 40. 5

VOTUM

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PRINCIP

POEM

TO

THE MASTERY

BY G. S.

THE MASTERY OF THE MASTERS
OF THE MASTERS OF THE MASTERS

LONDON

Printed by J. G. S. at the New York Press, 1888.

Votum pro Principe.

Juno (and if of Goddeſſes there be
 Thoſe who preſide at Births more kind than ſhe)
 Attend the Happy Hour, and ſafely bring
 To our long Hopes, what they have form'd, a King.
 Malicious *Saturn*, hide thy fatal Light,
 And let auſpicious *Venus* rule the Night,
 And caſt the fortune of the Royal Child
 Fair as her ſelf, and as its Parents mild;
 As great and glorious as we wiſh, their Reign,
 And conſtant as the Graces we obtain;
 That the Perfection of the Bleſſing may
 Atone for the Unkindneſs of the ſtay:
 Tho' Blifs, too haſty, does it ſelf deſtroy,
 And Expectation doth enhance a Joy.

When Providence deſigns ſome mighty thing,
 (To ſend a Saviour, or to form a King)
 The weighty Project doth require delay,
 And is not (like a Muſhroom) of a day :
 Near twice two thouſand rolling years were ſpent,
 E're a Meſſiah to the World was ſent;
 And if the * Faithful Patriarch bends with years,
 Before the Fruit of Promis'd Seed appears,

* *Abraham.*

Yet then an Off-spring to the Sire was given
 As bright and numerous as the Stars of Heaven;
 Now, when kind Beauty, and soft Youth conspire
 To heighten vigour, and to charm desire,
 What long and lasting Progeny will prove
 The blest effect of such immortal Love?

Tho' yet unhappy *Albion* (almost grown,
 With *Niobe*, for grief like hers, a Stone)
 With fleeting joy, and lasting tears hath seen
 A fruitful Parent, but a childless Queen,
 (When short-liv'd Blessings did delude the womb,
 Or hastned from the Cradle to the Tomb)
 Yet this new Birth may for the past atone,
 Crowding the lives of Many into One.

At least could Poets future Truths relate,
 Or might we make our pleasing Wishes, Fate;
 A Prince should show, that a Diffusive Good,
 And Publick Prayers can never be withstood:
 And as three Monarchs did Obedience pay
 To the blest Babe who in the Manger lay,
 As many Kingdoms now should Incense bring,
 An humble Tribute, to their Infant King.

F I N I S.

